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WEEDS OF WITCHERY.

BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

THE SECOND VOLUME OF "FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS," "PERFECTION,"

"THE BARRACK ROOM," "A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES," &c.

"Fie on't! Oh fie!—'tis an *unweeded* garden."

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TO

THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

DEAR HOOK,

Those who only know you as THE AUTHOR, unrivalled in the path which you have chosen, may wonder at my temerity in dedicating these "WEEDS" to you.

But, with a grateful recollection of your warmth of heart and disinterested friendship, I avail myself of the first opportunity of subscribing myself

Your obliged and attached friend,

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Athenæum Club.
January 1st, 1837.

PREFACE.

May the Author of *many* successful *comic* dramas, and *many* popular *serious* Ballads, venture to solicit indulgence from the Critic?

Versatility is one thing, but, alas! Verse-*utility* another. Yet, after trespassing upon the Public from the days of *Boyhood,* it is something to be able to say that he has not written a line, which, from its moral tendency, he could wish to blot. For other errors, he would willingly cancel *many.* No Author is more indebted to the indulgence of the Public.

SEA PIMP

WEEDS OF WITCHERY.

THE SEA PINK.

I've a yacht in the Island, the Sea Pink, of Ryde,
Not a craft in the Club can be better;
I own when she goes *very* much on one side,
I'm afraid that the wind will upset her:
I belong to the Club, which is very genteel —
We ne'er let a Scamp or a Shab in;
But though it's the fashion, I own that I feel
More at ease in my Cab than my Cabin!

'Tis true, I know little of nautical ways,
And less about charts of the ocean;
And what's rather odd, on the quietest days
I always grow *queer* with the motion!
I've sunk a large sum on the toy, and 'tis well
If the toy and I don't sink together:
Oh! talking of sinking—nobody *can* tell
What I suffer in *very* bad weather!

When I sigh for the Land, Sailors talk of "sea room,"
All sense of propriety lacking;
And they gave me a knock-me-down blow with the boom,
T'other day, in the hurry of tacking.
I sported one morning a water-proof cap,
And a Mackintosh—*all* India rubber;
And a Sailor cried, "Jack, look at that ere queer chap,
Did you ever see such a land-lubber?"

What a bother the wind is! one day we were caught
In a bit of a breeze in the offing;
And we tack'd, and we tack'd, till I verily thought
Every *tack* was a nail in my coffin!
Cried one, "Never fear, we shall soon reach the shore,"
(To *me* that word *reach* is pathetic!)
I've heard of *perpetual Blisters* before,
But I've an *eternal Emetic!*

The Captain and Crew are of course in *my* pay,
I expect them to *pay me* attention;
But they push me about, and they now and then say
Little words it would shock me to mention!
The smell of the tar I detest, and I think
That the sea-breeze quite spoils the complexion,
But the ladies all say, when they've seen the Sea Pink,
That her Owner's the Pink of Perfection.

The Poppy

THE POPPY.

Oh proud am I, exceeding proud, I've mustered the *Elite!*
I'll read them my new Tragedy—no ordinary treat ;
It has a deeply-stirring plot—the moment I commence
They'll feel for my sweet Heroine an interest intense ;
It never lags, it never flags, it cannot fail to touch ;
Indeed, I fear the sensitive may feel it *over* much ;
But still a dash of pathos with my terrors I combine,
The bright reward of tragic Bard—the laurel will be mine !

Place chairs for all the company, and, Ma'am, I really think
If you don't send that child to bed he will not sleep a wink ;
I know he'll screech like anything before I've read a page ;
My second act would terrify a creature of that age :
And should the Darling, scared by me, become an *Imbecile,*
Though *flatter'd* at the circumstance—how sorry I should
feel !
What ! *won't* you send the child to bed? well, Madam,
we shall see ;—
Pray take a chair, and now prepare the laurel crown for me.

Have *all* got pocket-handkerchiefs? your tears will fall
in streams;
Place water near to sprinkle over any one who screams;
And pray, good People, recollect, when what I've said
controuls
Your sympathies, and actually harrows up your souls;
Remember, (it may save you all from suicide, or fits,)
'Tis but a mortal man who opes the flood-gates of his wits!
Retain your intellects to trace my brightest gem, (*my
moral*)
And, when I've done, I'm *very* sure you'll wreathe my brow
with laurel.

Hem—"*Act the first, and scene the first—a wood—Bum-
rumpti enters—*
Bumrumpti speaks, 'And have I then escaped from my
tormentors?
Revenge! revenge! oh, were they dead, and *I* a carrion
crow,
I'd pick the flesh from off their bones, I'd sever toe from toe!
Shall fair Fryfritta, pledged to me, her plighted vow recall,
And wed with hated Snookums or with *any* man at all!
No—rather perish earth and sea, the sky and—all the
rest of it—
For wife to me she swore she'd be, and she *must* make
the best of it.'"

Through five long acts—ay, *very* long, the happy Bard
proceeds;
Without a pause, without applause, scene after scene he
reads!
That *silent* homage glads his heart! it silent well may be;
Not one of all his slumbering friends can either hear or see!
The anxious Chaperon is asleep! the Beau beside the Fair!
The dog is sleeping on the rug! the cat upon the chair!
Old men and babes—the Footman, too! oh, if we crown
the Bard,
We'll twine for him the *Poppy* wreath, his only fit reward.

FORGET MY KNOT!

Forget my knot! forget my knot!
Oh, *that* I may defy!
Where'er you are, I'll haunt the spot,
Still pointing to the tie.

All other ties may loosen'd be,
But mine must last till death!
And you I'll taunt incessantly,
Until I'm out of breath.

Each day delay on some pretence
Was artfully extended;
And so, to finish my suspense,
Myself I have suspended.

At Hymen's altar, altered Fair,
You were a false defaulter;
And so, to end my deep despair,
I add an *H* to *alter!*

I could not live to hear you scoff,
Too fascinating elf;
So, when I found you turned me off,
I did turn off myself!

No scissars will avail; we part—
On human aid I frown;
And though you cut me to the heart,
You shall not cut me down.

I strive your inmost soul to grind,
And, if I strive in vain,
Hang me, if I for womankind
E'er do the like again.

They'll call me suicidical,
Because this knot I tied;
When Jack is dead, let Sue recall
How for his Sue he sigh'd!

To do this melancholy thing,
Your garters I have got;
Adieu, false Sue, *you'll* have *your* swing;
And then—Forget my knot!

WATER LILIES.

A boat, a boat, an *open* boat,
On "the sea, the sea, the *open* sea!"
If e'er ye have been thus afloat,
There's nought could match your misery!

Pale Water Lilies, you'd suppose,
Poor Ladies, when such boats they enter;
The cheek, the pallid leaf; the nose,
The spot of yellow in the centre!

Such Lilies, "pining on the *stem*,"
Or on the *stern*, are more or less ill;
The smell of tar is bad to them,
And worse the pitching of the vessel.

The spray, alas! no jasmine spray!
Is weighing down each best new bonnet;
The hair is out of curl; to-day
The sea has all the curl upon it.

Water Lily

Old Ocean! thou art much *too* old,
To be so rough and so unsteady;
Is this now—may I make so bold—
A fit reception for a Lady?

Shallow thou'rt not; then recollect,
All this may seem more deep than clever:
Be calm awhile, and thou'lt *reflect;*
Don't play at pitch and toss for ever!

WALLFLOWERS.

"They call us Wall-flowers, my dear!
Because we spend the evening here,
All in a row against the wall,
Ne'er noticed by the men at all!"

"I'm sure it is no fault of *our's*,
We do not wish to be Wall-flowers;
Not one of us that has not wanted
To be by somebody transplanted:
It never was *our* choice at all
To sit here ranged against the wall;
But, if the men, devoid of taste,
Will leave us here our sweets to waste,
Selecting silly Pinks and Roses,
To make their hymeneal posies,
'Tis very fit that here we sit,
And innocently chat a bit."

Wall Flowers

"Look at Miss Rose, she's just come in,
Some people rave about her skin!
Her clear complexion! (how absurd!)
You know *I* never say a word,
But *this I will say*—(how she's scented!)
I always thought the Roses painted."

"And here I vow's Miss Violet;
I ne'er could find *her* Beauty yet!
And how they praise her! what a fuss!
Think of preferring *her* to us!
A little, dingy, paltry fright!
And *what* a gown for candle-light!'

"Do see the Miss Carnations, there—
Not two alike, I do declare—
They're showy, but my sister thinks
They are *so like* those little Pinks;
You see the likeness? to be sure;
The *Pinks* we never *could* endure."

"See, from the Valley comes Miss Lily!
Another *Beauty!*—oh how silly!
White as a sheet, and so *petite*,
No wonder *we* are obsolete!
For Wallflowers truly *she's* no fellow—
Men *once* were fond of brown and yellow!"

CHICK WEEDS.

My dear, stay here, I 'm quite in fear,
Unless you all keep very near ;
My groupe 's a little bit too large ;
Nine daughters are so great a charge !
And though I know, where'er we go,
The People think us quite a show ;
They say — (I hate satiric tricks !)
Look at the hen and her nine chicks !

Oh, there's Sir Charles ! I 'm certain *he*
Will wed one of the Family ;
And should he chuse, let none refuse,
He 's not at all the match to lose ;
No wonder that he can 't decide
Which Daughter shall become his Bride,
My charming Girls, I 'm bound to say,
Are *all* so perfect in their way.

Chickweed.

Don't stoop like that, my sweetest Rose ;
Maria, dear, turn out your toes ;
It gives me pain, my Angel Jane,
To see your squint come back again !
Ann, what *can* make your nose so red ?
Constantia, *do* hold up your head ;
I wish Kate's ancles were n't so thick ;
Bess, keep your mouth shut, there 's a chick.

How are you, dear Sir Charles ? so near !
Your praises did you overhear ?
All female hearts you seem to touch !
My sweet girls praise you over much !
Kate in particular ; *poor* Kate
Has looked a *leetle* pale of late —
Nay, now so red ! why whisper " Hush ! "
What have I said to make her blush ?

You 'll come to tea, Sir Charles ? you 'll see
A most harmonious family :
Bess plays the lute, Ann the guitar,
Jane learns the harp of sweet Labarre ;
Rose and Maria, if they 're prest,
Make use of Broadwood's very best :
Constantia sings, indeed we all
Love Music : *you* are musical ?

"I 'm musical," Sir Charles replied,
And took his hat, and hem'd, and sigh'd;
"I 'm musical, and charmed to view
Such harmony—dear Ma'am, adieu;
Oh what an orchestra for me,
Could I wed *all the Family!*
Farewell — temptation let me shun,
'Twould spoil the Band to marry *one*."

THE HARE BELLE.

No Hare Belle for me when the harriers run—
If a Lady pursue them, that Lady I shun :
When she leaves her own door, bring her shawl and her
clogs ;
If she follow the hounds, she may go to the Dogs.

Away with the Hare Belle—the leaps that I see,
No thought of a Lover's leap wakens in me ;
For a gate of five bars will most certainly prove
An effectual bar to my being in Love.

Away with the Hare Belle, her habit, and hat ;
No Lady shall win me with habits like that ;
Bear Blue Belle and Hare Belle far hence o'er the flood ;
The first with her *Study*, the last with her *stud !*

Away with the Hare Belle when fair lips I see ;
Discoursing of Coursing sounds coarsely to me ;
And the smack that I doat upon, (talking of lips)
Is not, I assure you, the smacking of whips.

JOHN QUILL.

John Quill was clerk to Robert Shark, a legal man was he,
As dull, obscure, and technical as legal man could be;
And, perch'd before his legal desk, Quill learnt the legal rules
That give high principles to *all* who sit upon high stools!
John Quill with skill could doubt distil where all before was clear,
One would suppose that he was born with a pen behind his ear!
Though merely clerk to Robert Shark, so great was his address,
That many really thought *J. Q.* as knowing as *R. S.*

John Quill, however small the job, huge drafts of deeds could draw,
A puzzle quite to common sense, according to the law;
With vulgar, vile tautology to indicate his skill,
He did "enlarge, prolong, extend, and add unto" *the bill!*

John Quill.

And thus he did "possess, obtain, get, have, hold, and enjoy"
The confidence of Robert Shark, who called him worthy Boy:
Birds of a feather were the pair, the aim of both their breasts
To pluck all others, plume themselves, and feather their own nests.

But 'tis a theme too dark for jest; oh! let him who embarks
Upon the troubled waters of the Law—beware of *Sharks;*
And such my dread of legal Quills, I readily confess
That Quills of "fretful porcupine" would terrify me less.
When poor men seek a legal Friend, the truth the Fable tells,
The Lawyer eats the oyster up, the Client has the shells;
And could the shells be pounded to a palatable dinner,
The legal Friend would swallow *that*, and Clients might grow thinner.

CORN FLOWERS.

"The weather will change," cries my Lady in pain,
"My feet are in torture, I 'm sure there 'll be rain;
The Admiral whispered he 'd take me in tow,
And he glanced at my feet as he said it, I know;
But now down at heel must my slipper be worn!
'Twill end in a cut! Oh, this horrible corn!"

A tight fit from Hoby the Captain has got,
Engaged to walk out with Miss Laura Lamotte,
But oh! in his boot a *Barometer* lies!
His corn a sad change in the weather implies!
To limp is distraction! "Oh! why was I born?
In the flower of my youth I 'm cut up by a corn!"

The Belle is preparing to grace the Race Ball,
Her foot is in anguish, her shoe is too small!
So partial to dancing, what *is* to be done?
How horrid the hopping and carrying one!
Cinderella's famed slipper of glass might be worn
As a weather-glass now! what a terrible corn!

Corn Flowers

There's a moral in this which is found without trouble;
The light step of youth may get into a hobble!
The shoe may be silken, the sole may be thin,
While the soul of the wearer is tortured within!
Where roses are sweetest most sharp is the thorn,
And Terpsichore's harvest is — cutting a corn!

BULL RUSHES.

The Fancy Fair! The Fancy Fair!
The Fair I fancy governs there;
And fairest of the fair is she
Who don't deny she fancies me:
Among the Fair sex recollect
Fair dealing you must not expect;
Whatever trash is to be sold,
They give no change for notes or gold!

Each stall by some fair Dame is graced,
Her store of toys before her placed:
And as mere Traders, lest they fail
To raise the wind, must puff the sale;
So with these trading amateurs
A sigh attracts, a smile allures;
And can young men pay down too much
For trifles hallow'd by their touch?

Bull rushes.

What fills the traders with affright?
What puts the customers to flight?
Why is the scene so sadly changed?
A Bull, exceedingly deranged,
Alarms the Fairest of the Fair!
Bull rushes here, Bull rushes there!
No wonder each sweet voice he hushes—
'Tis a toss up where Mad Bull rushes!

DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

I lay within a strange abode, and on a curtain'd bed,
The lamp upon the tapestry a ghastly glimmer shed;
I could not doze, I could not sleep, I heard the rats and mice;
My head was like a furnace, and my hands and feet like ice.
I thought of all my evil deeds, and wished them all undone,
I longed to hear the merry lark, and see the rising sun;
I heard the hooting of the owl, the ticking of the clock,
And the door did shake, while something seem'd to fidget
with the lock!

I wanted much to ring the bell to summon man or maid,
I did not thrust a finger forth because I was afraid;
I longed to call out lustily, but not a word I said,
I grasped the blankets and the sheets and held them o'er
my head.
I heard a most alarming noise, I never heard the like,
Just as the turret-clock struck twelve! a horrid hour to
strike!
And down my chimney screeching came a most malignant
Fiend —
I sat up trembling in my bed — good gracious, how he
grinn'd!

Deadly Nightshade

Upon the marble mantelpiece there flared a globe of flame!
And in it danced distorted forms too horrible to name!
And on the hearth the Fiend still sat! I fainted with affright!
But rose next morn to trace the cause the moment there was light.
The Fiend was but a tabby cat! the globe of flame I saw,
A shade of paper for the lamp—such as my sisters draw!
'Twas traced with ghosts and skeletons from charnel-houses damp!
It *isn't* nice to have a Deadly Nightshade for one's lamp!

HEARTS-EASE.

I've peeped at Parisian bowers,
  I've rambled to Naples and Rome;
But, weary of costlier flowers,
  I now gather HEARTS-EASE at home:
No hotbed henceforth shall be tried,
It grows best by my own fireside.

I think a fat man is a Fool,
  Who goes voyaging and coaching about;
The Foreigners call him John Bull,
  As if *all* the English were stout!
In London I'm sure people stare,
I'm a *great* curiosity *there!*

At Dover they rumpled my *best* coat,
  And swore, like unmannerly Brutes,
I had contraband lace in my waistcoat,
  And *Eau de Cologne* in my boots!
In vain I cried, "Why will you doubt me?
I've nought unsubstantial about be."

Hearts ease.

My Bootmaker yearly enlarges
His Bill, with the growth of my calf!
And my Tailor increases his charges,
And books me "*a coat and a half!*"
He *can't* raise my small-clothes, how *can* he?
Small Clothes! why I never wear any!

My Friend Doctor Camomile offered
To cure my rheumatic attack;
But he laughed when I said that I suffered
A pain in the small of my back!
Ah me! he did nothing but quiz it!
"The *small* of your back! *pray where is it?*"

If ever they put me in fetters,
My bondage eternal must be;
For if they enlarge other Debtors,
I'm sure they will not *enlarge me!*
They'll make light of my claims if they will,
Yet *I* shall *look big* at them still.

Young Cupid will never o'ertake me,
No, no, I must pine on the shelf;
If ever I'm *match'd*, he must make me
A Fatima fat as myself:
But never again will I roam,
I'm content with my Hearts-ease at home.

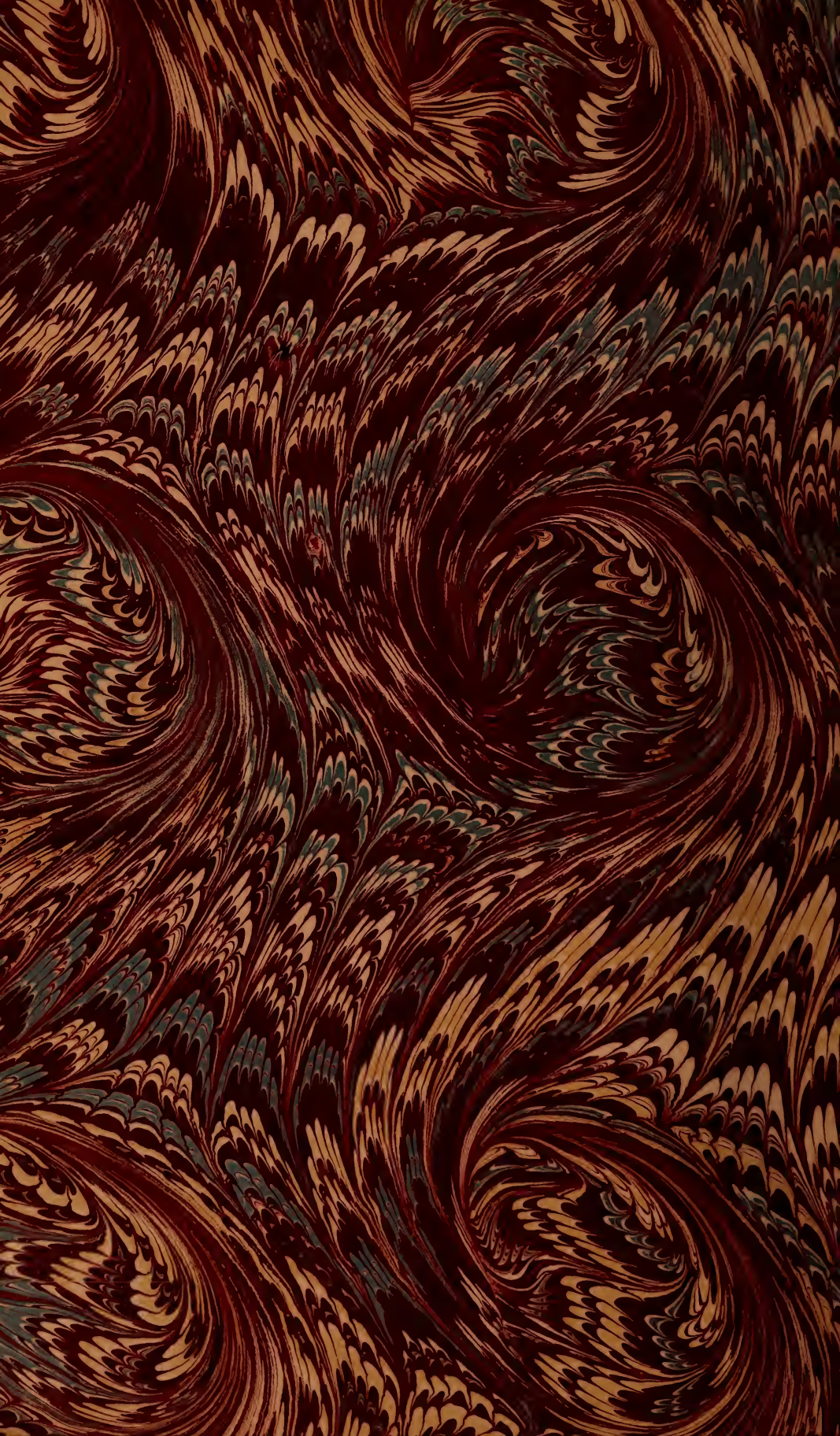
I'm sure I don't envy the Lovers
Of sport, though inactive and lame;
I've not far to go for the *covers*
Under which the Cook places my game:
Three *courses* I manage myself,
And I've got my *Preserves* on a shelf!

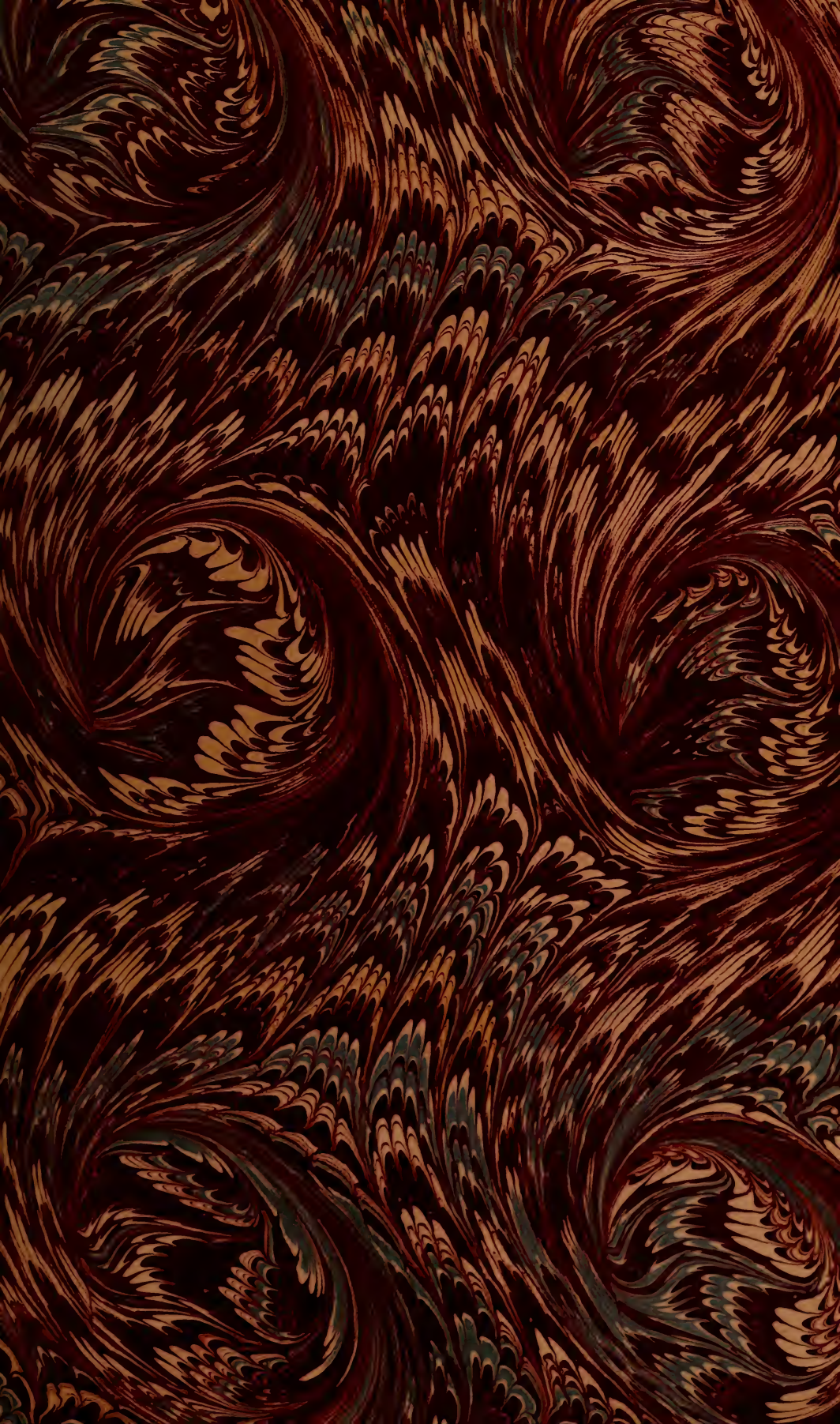
In France, for this exquisite dinner,
A nap they would charge me at least;
But here, after all, I'm a winner,
A *nap* I secure by the feast.
And of the past dreaming, at last,
Recollection becomes a *re*past!

My dogs either beg a titbit,
Or curl themselves up on the rug;
And I in my easy chair sit,
Luxurious, silken, and snug:
And my HEARTS-EASE I trust is secure,
For I have not forgotten the Poor.

THE END.

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, JUN., LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.





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